

SKYSCRAPER TALES

The Parti-Colored Silk Twist.

The conjunction of a Monday holiday with the holiday and a half immediately preceding did not seem a happy one to Joel Faxon, janitor of the Aerial Building. When this union had occurred the year before there had been a series of slight but annoying depredations in the building, something which Faxon purposed to stop this year.

Accordingly he issued his orders and saw that they were obeyed. All the entrances except the front one were shut down. Only tenants were admitted and they were required to register their names, the numbers of their rooms and the time of their coming and going.

Monday evening drew its curtains of quiet over that part of the city at least. Faxon sat in the main entrance alone, even as he believed he was alone in the great building that towered twenty stories above him, considering his work of precaution and finding it good.

"The only way," mused the janitor, "Military discipline, combined with rigorous training, will do it every time."

It was the ready acquiescence of Little Peter, the new elevator man, in his commands and commands that caused the janitor to reflect so complacently. The likely young fellow, though on the jump all the day, had listened as attentively to the former as he had heeded the latter. As a reward of good conduct, Faxon had sent him home a full hour before the time for locking up, with the assurance that he would be up to the topmost story.

A call there came, but not from some forgetful tenant returning to post an important letter. The bell tinkled slightly, as it tinkled.

"Shure it must be a mouse," thought Faxon, rubbing his eyes; "there's not a soul above."

Yet, barring the front doors, he sprang into the car and shot up to the eleventh floor. Even as he had wondered the janitor now gasped. A youth in the house and trousers but without the coat and peaked cap that the elevator men wore lay white and panting on the marble floor, with slender white hand still upraised as if the ringing of the signal had been a final effort. On the coarse blue front a dull red stain was slowly spreading.

"Holy powers!" cried the kneeling janitor, "is it little Peter or his sister? And so sore hurted!"

"Poor girl!" he added with a flush after a moment's ministrations. "Whoever she is she needs care to want a stah right over her heart. The devil's in it the world. What's that, what's that? Rap and be dem thin until I get good and ready!"

He bore the unconscious girl into the car, he flew up to the topmost story. He bore her up the steep ladder and out through the hatchway to his little house on the roof.

The reminiscent skill of a rough and tough boyhood he stanch and dressed the deep cut in her bosom. Then back into the car, down he flew, almost a drop to the ground floor, where he laid the girl on the floor and still sounding on the front door.

"What's the row, officer?" asked the janitor. "Fire, riot, rubbers, war or all? I had just turned in. I was no dead tired. Sure I thought the man had come and the milk. What's the row, I say?"

"Fringe & Frangle," answered the policeman on the beat. "I never seen it before. I thought you ought to know, you're that particular. Shall we go around?"

"Fringe & Frangle?" ejaculated the janitor. "Sorry a wan of them has been here since Saturday noon. Come, man, come. The little room in the middle of the vaults open on, where the big safe is kept. That window is allus tight shut and bolted. What has honest old Daniels been thinking of? Come, come. I'll hurry down the side corridor and see the door. The door was littered with books and papers, and sheaves of crisp bills and bags of coin. It would seem that all the contents and more were thus scattered about.

II.

Heavy was Faxon with perplexing thought as he waited in the vestibule for Herbert Fringle, the junior partner, to come in response to his telephone call. It was no use; the more he strained the less he saw. He was lost in a contradictory muddle.

He could swear to every person who had come and gone in the last two days and more, too, except, except the unknown girl, who looked like little Peter, the new elevator man, and who now lay on his back in his own little house on the roof, too weak still to speak, but with a look of trust in her big brown eyes, which he was too much of a man to disregard. Glad indeed was the janitor when a tall, athletic young man swung up the steps and immediately pilled him with questions.

"Swift of thought, speech and conclusion was Herbert Fringle, with a tendency to leaning before he looked that made him all the more amiable. He gave scant heed to the janitor's guarded intelligence as he led the way to the office and surveyed the state of affairs.

"However, they got into the building, and they may have been hiding for the last three days," he decided. "They must have been frightened off by the noise of the explosion, though they might have known it wouldn't account from this remote spot. There's not a cent missing, Faxon. There's not a paper missing. So here's the personal file that poor grandfather left in the central pigeon-hole the last day he was down. He died Sunday night didn't honest old Daniels?"

"Here's today and garn to-morrow," objected the janitor, crossing himself. "The awful old gentleman, you'll see, was ailing and striven hard to come down to see his grandfather. Well, so he was."

"Let's go for the police to find out," suggested the young man coolly. "Let me see this stable door. I'm going to see this soon as we have stored up in the vault."

"If the old fellow took it along with me, I'll take it along with me in the morning," said Faxon for protest.

"You're a little thick," thrust the janitor into his pocket Faxon noticed a small, round object at the top and a small, round object at the bottom.

"I'm signed evily as he watched the young banker walk away. Millions of dollars were going to the police, especially when, nothing had been lost. The great banking house would doubtless take extra precautions on the morrow for the safeguarding of its treasure, but the young man was not to be deterred. He was apt to put aside the incident with the janitor partner's explanation.

He had scant faith that the police would accomplish more than a closer watch for a few days on the stable door. What then

would remain as the results of this mysterious occurrence? "Not," answered the janitor despondently to himself, "except a black eye for meself and a sick bird on me hand."

But the fact that his charge was a girl, and that while she was hurt and spent she had mutely appealed to him counted more with the janitor than a permanent black eye on the hitherto spotless figure of his record. "They can say what they dom please," he muttered doggedly as he took his eye to the roof. "I'll tell no more of it."

Still and dark in the little house on the roof, though as Faxon groped for a light, peering now and again in vain intentness for a fluttering moth, he would have sworn that he had left the night lamp burning. He struck a match, he looked around on an unoccupied bunk and room.

"The Lord love us!" he ejaculated with a repentant look at the lamp, now burning steadily again. "It was she and not it that went out. I'm stomped."

On the table was a scrap of paper, on which was written in a tremulous hand, "Thank you." Here was a tangible recognition that comforted.

He sat actually whistling in his old, light hearted way as he made his simple preparations for bed until he noticed something fluttering on the table leg. It was a bit of silk twist with red, white and blue colors intertwined. Thereafter a bewildered janitor tossed sleepily on his bunk the night long, yet with every look his alligances grew more obstinate for the unknown girl who had trusted and thanked him.

III.

Consternation in the great banking house of Fringle & Frangle when the surviving partners met the next day behind closed doors in honor of their dead chief.

In consultation with Lawyer Flinton, the incident of the attempted robbery was brushed aside with condemnation of the janitor for carelessness and of the police for stupidity or worse. Of course young Herbert's snap judgment was the correct one. But the grave issue was the will of old Eliazar Fringle. How was it best to be treated in order that his reputation and theirs should remain unstained?

There could be no question of the authenticity of the will. The old gentleman had told one and all of them on his return from Europe, how while sick in Austria he had drawn his will in his own hand and executed it before the American Ambassador.

Thus much and no more he had vouchsafed with a shake of his shaggy head that had added, "and who has a better right?"

The hard-working while tremulous, was recognized by all, while the lawyer certified that all the legal formalities had been scrupulously carried out. Even the taw with which the sheets were bound together was a corroborative detail for it was the famous silk twist with the national colors intertwined exclusively, none by the State Department.

Nor was there any vain regret that so considerable an amount had been diverted from the estate. Young Herbert was already rich, the residuary estate, which came to him made him many times a millionaire. He and the others would gladly spare a much greater sum if only those speculations on the third street might never be known.

They should not be known; that was the final decision. Let those people be seen and paid the amount of the bequest, twice over if need be, if only they signed the proper receipt and waiver. The partners too would sign and waive whatever the lawyer said was necessary; and then the will should be locked away, and it should never be published that old Eliazar Fringle had left a child, whose mother had never been his wife and who went by the name of Frangle.

It was just when the decision had been reached that there was a rattle on the door less thundrous and more deprecating than that which had been sounded at the front entrance the night before. Entered the captain of the treasury and the policeman on the post rode up the stairs, and the captain who explained in a triumphant reproachful tone that he had a sister under the station house, who he said was a child, whose mother had never been his wife and who went by the name of Frangle.

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KAISER'S GRANDSONS AT PLAY

LITTLE GERMAN PRINCES FORM A VERY HAPPY FAMILY.

Only Sorrows Were the Absence of the Crown Prince and Fact That They Couldn't Take All Their Pets—Game That Pleased the Royal Grandfather.

BERLIN, Sept. 9.—The three youngest Hohenzollerns, grandsons of the Kaiser, have had a happy summer at one of the bathing places on the North Sea. They have rolled in the sand, built castles and paddled in the water daily under the watchful eye of several nurses and attendants.

The Crown Princess, who has been somewhat worried about the health of Prince Louis, the second boy, spent part of the summer with the children and watched with delight the effect of the bracing sea air on the delicate little Prince.

The Crown Prince himself was unable to be with his little family except for a few days, as he has been obliged to represent the Kaiser at various official functions since his Majesty has been ill. However, the short time their father was with them was a gala occasion for the small boys, for the Crown Prince played on the beach with them and allowed each one in turn to sit in front of him on his black horse and take a short canter.

All this gave greatest joy to loyal German subjects who were fortunate enough to see the royal father with his sons.

The Crown Prince and Princess are adored throughout the fatherland, and he only possible grievance their people have against them is that they bring up the little princesses as strict views on the care and education of children as the Kaiserin herself, and she keeps the three boys at the Marmora Palace at Potsdam well attended and secluded from all but the royal circle of relatives and intimate friends.

The little Princesses are very happy, good youngsters. They play together in the great park of the palace and have wonderful games of soldiers with Prince Wilhelm always as General, and sometimes as the Kaiser himself. The Emperor found them deep in this play once and roared with laughter when he saw the two tiny boys standing at attention while their older brother who will some day be Germany's ruler, walked past them in imitation of his grandfather, and haughtily bowed an acknowledgment of their salute.

All three boys have a great love of animals and are proud possessors of a flock of ducks, three black ponies, three white goats, guinea pigs, rabbits and a number of dogs, the favorite being a fat dachshund who is far too polite to resent being grabbed by the ear or the tail. The only objection the Princess had to going off to the seashore was that they could not carry the entire menagerie with them. Affecting farewells were taken of

the ponies, rabbits, etc., but the faithful dachshund was allowed to accompany them and he almost consoled them for the absence of the others.

Photo by Record Press.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

Photo by Record Press.

THE KAISER'S GRANDSONS.

Photo by Record Press.

Photo by Record Press.

Photo by Record Press.

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